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MONSIEUR MOLLIN.*

At the end of the last war, a considerable number of the French officers, who had been taken prisoners and sent to the depôts in Scotland, were liberated upon their word of honour, and permitted to reside in the neighbouring towns, upon a certain small allowance made to them by our government. Amidst a host of dashing fellows who resided on this footing at the ancient burgh of Cairnton, in the south of Scotland, there were a few old personages who had been captured in the earlier years of the war, and almost grown grey in this species of honourable imprisonment. Some of these latter personages were so different in age and habits from the others—were so entirely, as it were, of a different generation or fashion of Frenchmen (for every thing about this nation changes in ten years)—that they hardly seemed to belong to the same country. While the gay young officers of the Emperor went frolicking about in long surtouts and moustaches, turning the heads of all the girls, and running into as much debt as possible with all the tradesmen, the ancient subalterns of the Republic and First Consul were a race of quiet, little, old, wind-dried men, with much of the *ancien regime* about them, wearing, in some cases, even the anti-revolutionary powder, and all of them as inoffensive as if they had been each sensible that he was in his own parish. A particular individual, called Monsieur Mollin, had become so perfectly assimilated with the people of the town, that he was not at all looked on in the light of a stranger. He lived in a small room, which he rented from a poor old "single woman," Lizzie Geddes by name, and nothing could be more simple or irreproachable than the whole tenor of his life. In the morning, before breakfast, he went to the public green, which he traversed in one particular direction exactly ten times. For the ducks which cruised along the neighbouring mill-race, he had a few crumbs: for the servant lasses, who spread their washings on the sod, he had a few complaisant observations. If Jamie Forbes, the shoemaker, happened to be leaning over the bottom-wall of his hail-yard, Monsieur Mollin would courteously salute him, and express hope that Madame Forbes (otherwise called Kirsty Robertson) was well. If, in returning to breakfast, a group of weavers were found clustering about the head of the close, the benevolent old gentleman would join their conversation, and learn, perhaps, that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to set up a new kingdom, or that John Jamieson had got a new coat. After partaking of his frugal meal (consisting of the usual Scottish fare in humble life, porridge and milk), he would set out for a country walk, and perhaps return about one, with his pockets filled with *sir-tops*, which he made a practice of gathering in the plantations, in order that they might aid his landlady's little fire. He then ate his slender dinner, in company with Lizzie Geddes and her nephew, and had, it was said, as many polite observations in the matter of second-day's broth and a cold scrag of lamb, as if he had been seated at the table of a sovereign prince. In the evening, good Monsieur Mollin was to be seen, perhaps, mingling in the clamorous company who amused themselves in the bowling-green, or else enjoying another cool walk beside the mill-race, where, I well recollect, there was a little trodden footway, which I believed to have been solely formed by his own "constant feet," so exclusively, to my childish apprehension, did it seem appropriated to himself.

Lizzie Geddes, in whose humble garret Monsieur

Mollin occupied an apartment, was the daughter of a person who had been town-clerk in Cairnton, in an age far beyond the ken of the present generation; and an annuity of ten pounds was all that she could depend upon for her subsistence, the rent of her house being paid by what she got from Monsieur Mollin for his lodging. Though little removed above the condition of a pauper, she had had a good education, and possessed a mind of no vulgar cast. In her old age, she had been burdened with the duty of bringing up an orphan nephew, to which task, however, she applied with a zeal that went far beyond her humble means. As the boy showed an aptitude for learning, and as the school-fees at Cairnton were remarkably cheap, she was tempted to give him a classical education, instead of placing him at some trade by which he might have sooner begun to support himself. There was some hope of patronage from a distant relation, who, holding some inferior public office at Edinburgh, was looked upon at Cairnton as a person of immense consideration. But when application was made to this individual for the means of setting forward the youth at College, all those hopes were found to have been fallacious, and young Geddes, with the refined notions of a classical scholar, and at an age when ambition begins to bud in the human bosom, was obliged to abandon his books and become a shoemaker. Monsieur Mollin, who in all respects treated Miss Geddes as a sister, and took a sincere interest in the prospects of her nephew, was exceedingly chagrined at this sad reverse; but he was so poor himself that he could not help it. "If I ver not one poor prisoner," he would say, "if I ver once more in mine own countrie, and had so much money as I once had, begar, Mademoiselle Geddes, your nephew should not stop till he ver one minister, putting his head into one pulpit; but I am only one poor prisoner, with six shillings in de veek from your king—and what can I do with that?" The good old man was determined, nevertheless, that the youth should not forget his learning, or sink into the tastes and habits proper to his new condition. So, every evening after Thomas had returned from his work, he caused him to bring forth his books, and heard him execute a translation in Virgil or Livy before going to rest. Sometimes this was varied by other intellectual exercises, such as the reading of a novel from the circulating library. *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, or *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, or the *Farmer of Ingleswood Forest*, or any other crack book of the year 1812, was borrowed at the cheap and easy price of eightpence a quarter, and read by Thomas to his aunt and her lodger, who generally became so much absorbed in the interest of the tale, that they heeded far less the progress of the war then going on in Russia, important as it was to the interests of both French and English, than they did the proceedings of the fictitious hero among a set of characters as shadowy as himself. Thus, while an ordinary person would have been apt to answer the common question of "what news?" by mentioning that Bonaparte had overthrown the Russian army at the Borodino, poor Lizzie Geddes would have been apt to state that Robert Bruce had just made his escape from the English court, with his horses' shoes put on backwards; her mind, in fact, running upon the last chapter she had heard read of the Scottish Chiefs.

For several years this little family lived in humble peace and general affection, with hardly an incident to ruffle the habitual calm. Monsieur Mollin daily exhibited his thin shanks, in white cotton stockings, on the beaten foot-path in the green, and every evening enjoyed mental pleasures beside his landlady's fire. Sunday after Sunday, he was to be seen gallant-

ing Miss Geddes to church; himself rigged out in a clean shirt, exhibiting a profusion of frill, and a large New Testament under his left arm; while she, on her part, tried to look as well as possible in a well-saved cardinal, first put on about forty years ago; Thomas bringing up the rear, in his leather cap and corduroy, with almost as much linen folded over his shoulders and back as what could be supposed to be in contact with his skin. Few persons in Cairnton lived a more blameless life, or were more generally respected.

At length, the tranquil contentment of this scene was broken up by the peace of 1814, which afforded to Monsieur Mollin, for the first time since his capture, an opportunity of returning to his native country. Had it been the old man's fate to live on and on a prisoner till death, he would have been perfectly happy in his bonds, for time had so completely reconciled him to the present scene and manner of his existence, that he never formed a wish respecting any other. When it came to pass, however, that a residence in Cairnton was no longer a matter of necessity, when a possibility of returning to France actually arose, that which, in ordinary circumstances, ought to have been hailed as a blessing, became to him a bitterness and a misery. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I must leave you—I must go back a *ma patrie*: your king will give me no longer any money to live upon, and I must see what I can do in mine own countrie. It is *tres grand malheur*—one great distress; for I do not expect that I vil find any one in France to love as much as you and your nephew. But vat can I do? how shall I pay my lodging? how shall I live?" The case was too clear to admit of argument; and Monsieur Mollin, therefore, packed up his baggage in an old satchel that had once held Thomas's books, and prepared to take his leave. In the first place, however, he made two walks each day for a week, to gather fir-tops, of which he was thus able to store up as many as promised to serve for a week after his departure. He then spent as much money as he possibly could spare, in purchasing a stock of sugar and tea for Miss Geddes; as likewise a few drugs, which she occasionally required for a particular malady to which she was subject. On the day when he and his fellow prisoners were appointed to march, it happened that Miss Geddes was confined to bed with this indisposition—a circumstance that added greatly to his distress. "Ah, pauvre Mademoiselle," said he, as with his own hand he mixed and brought forward her medicine, "*je suis bien fâché* at your *maladie*—that is, I am not vat you call *fashed*, but I am sorry—I am *penetré* with grief, that I should have to leave you on your bed of indisposition. Come now—*prenez votre medicin*, and make yourself better. Here is de cup; and I vil leave it on de little table, and you must take von other tea-spoonful in two hours more, and de good fille, Peggy Dickson, down stairs, she say she vil come soon and see if you vant any thing. I have myself taken de dirty vater away, and swept in de hearth-stone, and now let me put in de clothes at your back, and make you comfortable. One kiss, Mademoiselle—now adieu—God bless you for ever—adieu!" And they separated, with tears more bitter, perhaps, than any ever shed by youthful lovers when parting to meet no more.

About two months after the departure of Monsieur Mollin, his friends at Cairnton received a letter from him, informing them that he had got back to his native city of Bourdeaux, where he had the satisfaction to find that he had recently been left heir to a small property, which promised to maintain him in comfort during the remainder of his life. He was distressed, however, to learn that hardly any of his relations

* Our late article, entitled "ATTACHEMENTS," serves, in some measure, as an introduction to the following tale, which is from real life.

were alive. The only one in whom he felt the least interested was a young girl, who had for some years been an orphan—the daughter of a niece who had once been his favourite, and a person, as he described her, of the most agreeable properties—quite fitted, he said, to become, in a few years, the wife of his young friend Thomas, provided they had an opportunity of seeing each other. He complained, however, of the change that had taken place in his absence, the effect of which was to render his native country far less kindred to him than even Scotland; and “it is not impossible,” he added, “that I may come back to Cairnton, and spend the remainder of my days with you.”

This was destined to be the actual consummation of his story. About six months after having left his humble lodging at Cairnton, Monsieur Mollin reappeared on the street, with a sprightly young Frenchwoman leaning on his arm. Quite disappointed with his native country and its new regime, he had made up his mind to return to the quiet little Scottish burgh, where he had spent so many happy years, and where dwelt almost the only two individuals of his race in whom he felt the slightest interest. The joy of the Geddases, as may be supposed, was boundless, more especially as Monsieur Mollin took an early opportunity of declaring his intention to complete the education of his friend Thomas, and push him forward in the profession he originally contemplated. In a few days the whole of the little party was established in a neat house in the suburbs, where it soon became apparent, to the delight of the benevolent Frenchman, that his niece and Thomas were exceedingly taken up about each other. In the process of time, the young man obtained a manse, and Eloise as his companion in its occupancy; and the latter days of Mollin and Miss Geddes have been spent in serenity and happiness.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

The Mountain of Vesuvius, celebrated in ancient and modern times for the number and terrific violence of its volcanic eruptions, stands upon the shores of the Bay of Naples (an inlet of the Mediterranean Sea, on the west side of Italy), and is distant about eight miles from the Neapolitan metropolis. It is at present about 3400 feet high, having lost 800 feet of its height by the last eruption, which happened in 1822. Five miles from Vesuvius, and thirteen from Naples, stands, or rather stood, Pompeii, at the bottom of the above-named bay; and on the same coast, between Pompeii and Naples, but nearer to the latter city, and also to Vesuvius, was situated Herculaneum. Of the early history of these devoted cities, nothing certain is known: their origin is enveloped in the common and impenetrable darkness which hangs over remote ages. Strabo, however, has the following passage:—“This city (i. e. Herculaneum) and its next neighbour, Pompeii, on the river Sarnus, were originally held by the Osci, then by the Tyrrhenians and Pelasgians, then by the Samnites, who were in their turn expelled by the Romans.” Farther than this, it will be in vain to inquire.

SITUATION.

Both Pompeii and Herculaneum were sea-ports. The latter town is still very near the shore, but a mile of land now intervenes between Pompeii and the bay which formerly washed its buildings. This gain of land is owing to the filling up of the bed of the sea with volcanic matter. Pompeii occupied a small eminence, composed of the ancient effusions of lava from Vesuvius. Flights of stairs led down to the water's edge, and the lowest steps of these are said to be still on a level with the sea. The adjacent country was distinguished in all ages for its romantic loveliness and beauty. The whole coast as far as Naples was studded with villas, and Vesuvius, whose fires had been long quiescent, was itself covered with them. Villages were also thickly scattered all along the shores, and the scene presented the appearance of one vast city, cut into a number of sections by the luxuriant vegetation of the paradise in which it was embosomed. The following epigram of Martial gives an animated view of the scene previous to the dreadful catastrophe which so blasted this fair page of Nature's book:—

Here radiant vines o'erspread Vesuvius' sides;
The generous grape here poured her purple tides.
This Bacchus loved beyond his native scene;
Here dancing satyrs joyed to trip the green.
Far more than Sparta this in Venus grace;
And great Alcides once recovered the place;
Now flaming embers spread dire waste around,
And gods regret that gods can soothe no wound.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, IN THE YEAR 79.

The scene of luxurious beauty and tranquillity above described was doomed to cease, and the subterranean fire, which had been from time immemorial extinct in this quarter, again resumed its former channel of escape. The long period of rest which had preceded this event seems to have augmented the energies of the volcano, and prepared it for the terrible explosion. The first intimation of this was the occurrence of an earthquake in the year 63 after Christ, which threw down a considerable portion of Pompeii, and also did great damage to Herculaneum. In the year following, another severe shock was felt, which extended to Naples, where the Roman Emperor Nero was at the time exhibiting as a vocalist. The building in which he performed was destroyed, but, unfortunately, the musician had left it. These premonitions of the approach-

ing catastrophe were frequently repeated, until, in A. D. 79, they ended in the fatal eruption. Fortunately we are in possession of a narrative of the awful scene by an eye-witness, Pliny the younger, who was at the time at Misenum, with the Roman fleet commanded by his uncle Pliny the elder. The latter, in order to obtain a nearer view of the phenomena, ventured too far, and was suffocated by the vapours.* His nephew remained at Misenum, and describes the appalling spectacle in a very lively manner.

A dense cloud was first seen to ascend from Vesuvius to a great height, and, spreading itself out laterally as it rose, bore a strong resemblance (says Pliny) to a pine-tree. Darkness more profound than night enveloped the land for many miles round the mountain, occasionally alleviated by columns of blood-red fire, which were belched forth by the raging phlegmon, and appeared far more terrible than the utter gloom which they pierced. Showers of ashes and volumes of steam were spouted for miles into the sky, and then rained down again in torrents upon the earth, which, convulsed in every part, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship. The sea receded from the shore, as if it shrunk from the appalling scene, and left numbers of the finny tribes upon dry land. These horrors were augmented by the shrieks of the women and children, and the cries of the men—some lamenting their own fate, others that of their family—now “howling to their gods”—and anon finding consolation in the miserable belief that they were about to perish with the world itself.

No lava appears to have flowed from Vesuvius during this eruption; and hence Pompeii was buried under the shower of ashes and sand which continued to pour down for eight days. Much of this matter was deposited in a liquid state; which is accounted for by supposing that the steam projected into the air was condensed, and descended in torrents of rain. Proofs of this fact will be afterwards noticed. It was not by one eruption alone that the cities were covered to their present depth. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, and the lowest has evidently been moved while the others remained untouched—a proof that some time had elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants had made excavations in search of their property. This is further established by the fact, that few articles of intrinsic value have been found. But let us hasten to a period nearer our own, when the long-forgotten cities of antiquity were to be reclaimed from the sepulchre where they had lain unknown and undisturbed for nearly seventeen centuries, and again revisited by the glimpses of the moon.

DISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM.

Herculaneum, though buried many feet deeper than the other city which shared its fate, was the first discovered, by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk in 1713, which came down upon the Theatre, where the statues of Hercules and Cleopatra were soon found. It may well be conceived with what interest the intelligence was received, that a Roman city had been discovered, which, safely entombed under ground, had thus escaped the barbarian Goths and Vandals who ravaged Italy, or the sacrilegious hands of modern pillagers. The process of excavation began; but it was found so excessively tedious, from the depth and hardness of the volcanic products beneath which the city lay, that places formerly cleared it was found necessary to fill up again with the rubbish of new excavations. The Theatre alone is open to inspection, and it can only be seen by artificial light. Several articles of use or luxury were, however, obtained, which at present adorn various museums. But the disappointment felt at the obstacles opposed to the exhumation of Herculaneum, was repaired by the

DISCOVERY OF POMPEII.

This city, as was formerly observed, stood at a greater distance from Vesuvius than the companion of its fate; and hence the streams of lava which have successively flowed over the latter have never reached the former. The ashes, &c. under which it was buried, are of a loose and friable description, and, therefore, easily removed. The upper stories of the buildings, which were probably composed of wood, were either burned by the red-hot stones which fell upon them, or borne down by the weight of matter which collected on their roofs and floors. With this exception, the city may be said to stand as it did nearly two thousand years ago—the buildings unaltered from their original designs; furniture standing in all the disarrangement of recent use; paintings apparently fresh from the easel; articles of value abandoned in the precipitation of flight, as if they had dropped from the trembling hands of some fugitives, who, like Orpheus, were not permitted to look back even upon their dearest treasures. Memorials of a more impressive kind, the skeletons of some sufferers, also bear sad testimony to the suddenness of the doom which overtook them. One-fourth of Pompeii has

* The death of this celebrated naturalist was probably occasioned by carbonic acid gas. This noxious vapour must have been generated to a great extent during the eruption. It is heavier than common air, and, of course, occupies in greater proportion the substrata of that circumference. The supposition is greatly strengthened by the fact, that the old philosopher had lain down to rest; but the flames approaching him, he was compelled to rise, assisted by two servants, which he had no sooner done than he fell down dead.

now been rescued from its subterranean darkness, and laid open to the sun. Of this portion we shall endeavour to give as minute an account as our limits will permit.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF POMPEII.

The city was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced; and six gates and twelve towers have also been counted. Its greatest length is little more than three quarters of a mile, its breadth less than half a mile, and its circuit nearly two miles. It occupied an area of about one hundred and sixty-one acres. The general figure of the city is something like that of an egg. There have been excavated about eighty houses, an immense number of small shops, the public baths, two theatres, two basilice, eight temples, the prison, the amphitheatre, with other public buildings of less note, and also fountains and tombs.

The streets are paved with large irregular pieces of lava, neatly dovetailed into each other. This pavement is rutted with the chariot wheels, sometimes to the depth of one inch and a half. In general, the streets are so narrow that they may be crossed as one stride. Where they were of greater breadth, a stepping-stone was placed in the middle for the convenience of foot passengers. On each side of the street there is a foot-path, the sides of which are provided with curbs, varying from one foot to eighteen inches high, to prevent the encroachments of the biga, or chariot. But to proceed to the public buildings; and first, let us enter the

FORUM.

A Roman Forum was the focus of business, and the arena of political and legal contention. As the city of Rome itself increased in wealth and splendour, it was found necessary to have two classes of fora—Vendalia, mere markets, and Civilia, those devoted to the other purposes of a public assembly. The Forum of Pompeii answered for both. It is situated at the north-west corner of the city, and is entered by a flight of steps, leading downwards through an arch in a brick wall, still partly covered with stucco. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area, surrounded by columns, the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public erections; there are also a number of pedestals for the support of statues. The wall by which we have thus entered, is connected with the back of a building called by some the Temple of Jupiter, and by others the Senaculum, or Council-chamber. It stands upon an elevated basement, which was ascended by a flight of steps. Those near the columns, which served both for ornament and for supporting the upper part of the building, run along the whole front of the portico. The interior has been painted; red and black are the prevailing colours. Fragments of a colossal statue were discovered upon the pavement; a sundial was also found.

Near this temple are the ruins of what has been conjectured was the Granary, from the public measures being found near them. Adjacent to this building is the prison, where were found the skeletons of two soldiers, their leg bones still within the shackles. These are preserved in the museum at Portici.

PANTHEON.

One of the buildings surrounding the Forum has received this appellation, from there being found in the centre of its area an altar encircled with twelve pedestals, on which it has been presumed stood the statues of the mythological deities. The area is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by ninety in breadth. Numerous cells attached to this building have been found; these in all probability were for the accommodation of priests. Near to the Pantheon, ninety-three brass coins were discovered, and also statues of Nero and Messalina.

On the north side of the Pantheon, there runs a street named the Street of Dried Fruits, from the quantity of fruits of various kinds preserved in glass vases which have been found. Scales, money, moulds for pastry and bread, were discovered in the shops, and a bronze statue of Fame, small and well executed, having bracelets of gold upon the arms. In the entrance which conducts from this street to the Pantheon, a box was found, containing a gold ring with an engraved stone set in it, forty-one silver, and a thousand and thirty-six brass coins. On the walls are representations of Cupids making bread. The mill stands in the centre of the picture with an ass on each side, from which it may be inferred that these animals were employed in grinding the flour. There are a great number of other paintings in this building, some of which are very beautiful.

Adjoining to the Pantheon is a building supposed to have been the Senaculum, or place for the meeting of the Senate or Town Council. In the centre is an altar, and on each side of this, in two large recesses, stand two pedestals, which most likely supported effigies of the gods to whom the place was sacred. Near this is a small temple elevated on a basement. On the altar there is an unfinished bass-relief, representing a sacrifice. In the cells attached to this building were found a number of vessels in which wine was kept. The liquor was brought to the door in large skins, and then drawn off into these vases.

Adjacent to this is a large building, which, from various inscriptions, appears to have been erected at the expense of a lady named Eumachia, for the benefit of the public. Amongst other relics found, was a statue of the lady, five feet four inches high, and painted green and red.

Along the south side of this building runs a broad street, which, from various articles of jewellery being found there, is called the Street of the Silversmiths. On the walls of the shops several inscriptions appear, one of which has been thus translated—"The scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerninius Vatia, the *Ædile*, to patronise him: he is deserving." This is somewhat analogous to our own—"Patronised by his Royal Highness," &c. At the end of this street was discovered a skeleton, supposed to have been a priest of Isis. In the hand was a bag of coarse linen, not entirely destroyed, containing three hundred and sixty silver coins, forty-two of copper, and six of gold. Near him were also found various articles belonging to the worship of Isis.

The next building of importance connected with the Forum is the Temple of Venus, in one of the apartments of which was found a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, in a state of perfect preservation. In most of the paintings, the colours are as vivid as when first laid on.

These are the principal edifices which surround the Forum. An account of the baths, theatres, amphitheatres, manuscripts, and other interesting relics of antiquity, which have been discovered, will be comprised in another article.

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now.

The colonists themselves were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then humane, temperate, independent people; on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste, who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county; a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries), he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, our humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit.

"Well, Dick—here am I, thy friend John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago I would have ventured a guess that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkenning of a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeira—the Peak of Tenerife—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed

away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side—and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloe and cocco-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples, grow as wild as thysell, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and white-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachtenbruchen, merchant in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protégée of Messrs Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, parquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Samboes for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachtenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home, having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo (another "nigritude"), who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachtenbruchen and his wife, each of whom were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachtenbruchen. The visitors of the family

avoided her, as though she had the plague (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded, and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way, and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last the truth came upon him; she was the child of—a quadroon! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there was a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"But she shall be my friend," was Vivian's exclamation, "my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her one morning, in his very blunt tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestine estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot. No doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?" "Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the last owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well! Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No." "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter whom I have spoken of had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he did aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought, that, if the parent was ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir, to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir, the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and, finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man (Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and

betrayed great agitation)—the old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr Vivian's property; perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton? Did he urge his suit?" "He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially the master. In the absence of Mr Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You?" exclaimed our hero; "are you the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour, my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbruch, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, needs not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorised by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed; but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm), his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and, turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person;" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily; "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more, "I speak as the agent only of Mr Vivian. This gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means, by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you; I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr Vernon's arm, and—"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton; "I am Vivian's representative."—"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic; "Mr Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek."

"Ha!" said Seyton, then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr Manager, or whatever you are, take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accusations the worse part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves—"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom, if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtfully and humbly), he will win—for this atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men; seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"He is here!" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "he is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I am Vivian, your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant; "you ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But, Mr Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves (which from this moment is all your own), you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is myself, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grooshen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in anything that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "is conferring pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give Freedom to one's fellow men."—*Abridged from "Friendship's Offering" for 1831.*

ANAGRAMS.

ANAGRAMS are now hardly known as efforts of wit, but in ancient times they formed the subject of learned disquisition, and were ranked among the cabalistic sciences. The paltry process of anagrammatising sentences and proper names was also extremely fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, occupying that place now enjoyed by conundrums, and other small means of amusement among the idle.

The French are reputed to have been exceedingly fond of anagrams. On one occasion an anagram was made on the mistress of Charles IX., which threw the nation into an ecstasy of delight. The name of the lady was *Marie Touchet*, the letters of which words were transformed into *Je charme tout* (or, *I charm all*)—an anagram said to be historically just. But this anagram was perhaps surpassed by the following: The assassin of Henry III. was *Frere Jacques Clement*, and it was soon discovered that the letters of these three words could form the appalling sentence, *C'est Fenfer qui m'a crée* (or, *It is hell which created me*).

Various anagrams were appropriately formed on the name and titles of our own King James VI., one of which was, *James Stuart—a just master*. One on the same monarch, but referring to his complete name, was, *Charles James Stuart—claims Arthur's Seat*. Of the poet Waller it was said—

His brow need not with laurel be bound,
Since in his name with Laurel he is crowned.

And *Randle Holmes*, a person who wrote a book on heraldry, was complimented by the expressive anagram, *Lo Men's Herald!* Perhaps the happiest of all anagrams, says D'Israeli, "was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies,

the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character; she was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her productions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name, *Eleanor Davies—to Reveal O Daniel*. The anagram had too much by an *I*, and too little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, took up a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: *Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad a lady!* The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state. No more was heard of the prophetess."

COLKITTOCH.

[Some years ago, a series of interesting papers appeared in that respectable weekly report of literature, the *London Literary Gazette*, entitled "Traditions of the Western Highlands." "They were communicated," says the Editor of the *Gazette*, "by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the language and the manners of the Highlanders in the present times—who was indeed born and bred among them—and who, with the advantages of learning and a very extensive acquaintance with general history, had rare opportunities of collecting materials to throw light on the history of the Highlanders." We propose to do ourselves an honour, which we are sure Mr Jerdan will not object to, by giving one or two of these traditions more germane to their character than what they have hitherto had, in the columns of the *Edinburgh Journal*. The following refers to a very remarkable person:—]

THE name of Colkittoch often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles I. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Colkittoch, by others Colkittoch, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonald: he was a native of Ireland. His father was Archibald Macdonell, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, having driven away the Macleans, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kittoch, or more correctly, Clotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service, both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance on his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroon, and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the castle. His own pipe was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovraig, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Islay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie, who commanded the parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunaovraig. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyle was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the Restoration, when Argyle was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the captain of Dunaovraig, in whose castle he was confined. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonourable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possible indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity.

The Marquis of Argyll charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well-known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyll swore that if Coll should be found at large, the captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was dispatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed, and outrun the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the castle, he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyll, in the castle where he was confined. Maclean of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was one of the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which, with many others, he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "*By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service there than myself.*" He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend the captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff-boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. The fate of Colkitchoch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyll.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

THE PATRIOTIC SHOEMAKER.

MR TIMOTHY BENNETT, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime, Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. An excellent engraving of Mr Bennett is still extant, which represents him of a firm and complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of his conversation with his Lordship. The inscription beneath the engraving is, "Timothy Bennett, of Hampton-Wick, Middlesex, Shoemaker, aged 75." "And who are you?" inquired his Lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my Lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your Lordship, when I was a young man, sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my Lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am 'unwilling' (it was his favourite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it." This, my Lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone, you are an impatient fellow," replied his Lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat, "LORD HALIFAX, the NOBLEMAN, consulted by TIMOTHY BENNETT, the SHOEMAKER," he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which was enjoyed, without molestation, to this day: he died 1756.

Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, endeavour, at least, not to leave the world worse than he found it.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHEN Captain Watling and his company escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, they had left a Mosquito Indian on the island, who was out hunting goats when the alarm came. This Mosquito-man, named William, was the first and the true Robinson Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude. Immediately on approaching the island, Dampier and a few of William's old friends, together with a Mosquito-man, named Robin, put off for the shore, where they soon perceived William standing ready to give them welcome. From the heights he had seen the ships on the preceding day, and, knowing them to be English vessels by the way they were worked, he had killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage of the cabbage-tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and running up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet! William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted

him up, and they renewed their embraces. "We stood with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the surprise, tenderness, and solemnity of their interview, which was exceedingly affecting on both sides; and when these their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with him in the woods his gun and knife, and a small quantity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition was expended, by notching his knife into a saw he cut up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he converted into harpoons, lances, and a long knife. To accomplish this he struck fire with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened for this purpose in a way he had seen practised by the Buccaneers. In this fire he heated his pieces of iron, hammered them out with stones, sawed them with his jagged knife, or grinded them to an edge, and tempered them; "which was no more than these Mosquito-men were accustomed to do in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them." Thus furnished, William supplied himself with goats' flesh and fish, though, till his instruments were formed, he had been compelled to eat seal. He built his house about a half-mile from the shore, and lined it snugly with goat-skins, with which he also spread his couch or *barbecue*, which was raised two feet from the floor. As his clothes wore out, he supplied this want also with goat-skins, and, when first seen, he wore nothing save a goat's skin about his waist.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.

TRAVELLING through the Barrens of Kentucky, in the month of November, I was jogging on one afternoon, when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon. Accustomed to our heavy storms of thunder and rain, I took no more notice of it, as I thought the speed of my horse might enable me to get under shelter of the roof of an acquaintance, who lived not far distant, before it should come up. I had proceeded about a mile, when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gallop as fast as possible to the place of shelter; but it would not do; the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and, instead of going faster, so nearly stopped, that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he all of a sudden fell groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan. I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a minute more elapsed, but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake.

I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, although, like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with the reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking as it were on my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around, and expecting the ground every moment to open, and present to my eye such an abyss as might engulf myself and all around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to the natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from which I was yet many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havoc than I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found, with much pleasure, that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the apprehension excited for my own safety.

Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slightest shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that, in our western country, attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a *log-house*, one of large dimensions, and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lan-

cets, tourniquets, amputating knives, and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and phials of different sizes. These had some days before made a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

As I have said, we had all retired to rest, some to dream of sighs and smiles, and others to sink into oblivion. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling noise that precedes the earthquake began so loudly, as to waken and alarm the whole party, and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued it is impossible for me to describe, and it would require the humorous pencil of Cruickshank to do justice to it. Fear knows no restraints. Every person, old and young, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log-house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavily along, as if to conceal from her view the scenes of terror which prevailed on the earth below. On the grass-plot we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of almost perfect nudity. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about not knowing whither; and the Doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his shop-room, to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor. Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars, with so little success, however, that before the shock was over, he had lost nearly all he possessed.

The shock at length ceased, and the frightened females, now sensible of their diabolical, fled to their several apartments. The earthquakes produced more serious consequences in other places. Near new Madrid, and for some distance on the Mississippi, the earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk for ever, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

GORDON.

THE Gordon family affords a lively instance of what is by no means uncommon in Scottish family history—a race of Norman lineage, which has gradually acquired, in no very remote times, the character of Highland chiefship. The founder of the race, a settler from England, possessed, in the reign of David I. (1123-56), the lands of Gordon, in Berwickshire, from which he probably took his name. Sir Adam de Gordon, in the time of Bruce, is found a powerful Baron. In reward for his services to Bruce, he obtained a royal grant of the lands of Strabogie, in Banffshire, which has ever since been the principal residence of the family. With a natural attachment to local prepossessions, the names Gordon and Huntly, which belonged to their lands in Berwickshire, were transferred to places in their northern territory. The last of the line, another Sir Adam de Gordon, fell at the battle of Homildon Hill, in 1402, and his memory is embalmed in the drama by Sir Walter Scott, styled (*pro euphonia gratia*) "Halidon Hill." His daughter and heiress marrying a Seton, the true line of the Gordons was lost, though the name was still retained. Alexander, the son of this pair, was elevated from his territorial style of Lord of Gordon, to the title of Earl of Huntly, by King James II., in 1449. He was a conspicuous adherent of the royal cause against the rebellious Douglasses and Crawfords. Having obtained a grant of the lordship of Badenoch, which forms a large district in the centre of the Highlands, he laid the foundation of that influence in the country of the Gael, by which his successors have been so much distinguished; an influence derived exclusively, it will be observed, from the possession or superiority of lands, and from no pretensions of birth or lineage. George, second Earl of Huntly, married the sister of the King, and was the father of that Lady Catherine Gordon who became the wife of Perkin Warbeck, as well as of Sir William Gordon of Gicht, whose family ended in the person of Lord Byron. The immense estates of the Earls of Huntly, with the power they possessed of marshalling all their tenants and dependants in warlike array, rendered them so very powerful, that, but for the remoteness of their residence alone, they must have been at all times the leading noblemen of the country. George, the fourth Earl, was at the head of the Catholic interest in Queen Mary's time, and offered to that Princess to place her in the government without any toleration of the reformed doctrines; but she thought it safest to go in with the Protestants, and entrust her affairs to her brother James, Earl of Moray. The consequent turbulence of the Earl of Huntly ended fatally; he was killed in rebellion by Murray. Notwithstanding this unhappy incident, his son, the fifth Earl, was a partisan of the Queen in her latter and evil days. Nor for a hundred and fifty years did they forsake this faith, or abandon the Tor politics which formerly used to be always connected with it. George, the sixth Earl, occasioned infinite troubles in the reign of James VI., by his endeavours to obtain toleration for the ancient faith, and his in-

trigues with foreign Catholic powers for that purpose. He it was who killed the young Earl of Murray—a dreadful piece of feudal revenge. Though frequently in open arms against King James, he was in reality rather the enemy of the royal counsellors, than of the royal person. James loved him very much, gave him his cousin Lady Henrietta Stewart to wife, and in 1599 created him Marquis of Huntly, being the first Peer of that rank in the kingdom. This nobleman was as great a favourite with Charles I. as he had been with King James, but was not so well fitted to shine in the more polished court of the former monarch. Having arrived there after a long absence, he excited the surprise of the glittering circle, by omitting that gesture which Sir Pertinax MacSycophant has caused the greater part of Englishmen to believe in the highest degree characteristic of their northern neighbours. On being reminded of the omission, he begged the King's pardon, and excused his want of respect by saying, "he was just come from a place where every body bowed to him." THE COCK OF THE NORTH was in those days, as it has been since, the popular and highly appropriate title for this Highland potentate and his descendants. In 1636, the first Marquis left his honours and estates to George, second Marquis, who, after many zealous efforts in favour of King Charles I., was beheaded by the Maiden at Edinburgh, March 22, 1649; chiefly, it was said, at the instigation of his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Argyll. Four sons of this nobleman distinguished themselves in the cause of royalty; and one of his daughters, marrying a Polish nobleman, was ancestress to the unfortunate Prince Casimirski. His grandson George, the fourth Marquis, proved his loyal zeal by holding out Edinburgh Castle, after the Revolution, in favour of King James; and his wife afterwards, in the easy times of Queen Anne's Tory ministry, created a vast sensation by presenting a Jacobite medal openly to the Faculty of Advocates. This Marquisate was, in 1684, converted by Charles II. into a Dukedom, when the title was changed from Huntly to Gordon. The family throughout all the last century, and to the present hour, professed those Tory principles which it has advocated, with such extraordinary consistency, ever since the division of opinion at the Reformation. The Catholicism, however, was resigned about a century ago, in consequence, it is said, of a rustic jest. A tenant on the estate had experienced some neglect at the hands of his Grace's factor; at last, he applied to the Duke personally, by whom he was very quickly redressed. Catching a glimpse, on this occasion, of the images within the family chapel, he asked what they were. The Duke answered that these were the representations of certain holy men, to whom good Catholics were accustomed to apply for intercession with the Deity. "Such nonsense!" said the honest farmer; "would it not be far better to do as I have been doing—speak to the laird himself?" It is said that this was the proximate cause of the conversion of the family. The late Duke, Alexander, who died in 1828, was the fourth possessor of the ducal title; and it is remarkable, that he had possessed it for the space of about seventy-six years, having succeeded his father in 1752. He married, in 1767, his celebrated Duchess, Jane, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith—one of the most sprightly, elegant, and fascinating women of her time; an eminent favourite of the highest class of British society for nearly half a century, and who lived to see three daughters married, each to an English Duke, and one to a Marquis. The present Duke, who, as Marquis of Huntly, distinguished himself highly in the late war, and was, in 1807, created a British Peer, is a High Tory. As a man and a landlord, he is greatly respected. From his want of issue, the title, disavowed from a large portion of the estates, will probably descend to the Earl of Aboyne, a cadet of the ducal house.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WASHINGTON.

Our young readers who have followed us through the various accounts presented to their notice, of men of genius and perseverance rising from the most humble situations in life to places of honourable distinction, will now be gratified in perusing a sketch of the life of one who, from the condition of a private gentleman, attained the highest situation in his country, and died with the extraordinary reputation of having preserved integrity of principle and genuine simplicity of character to the close of his career.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, in the North American colony of Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732, and was great grandson of John Washington, a gentleman of the south of England, who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, emigrated to this province. The education of Washington extended only to the reading of English, and some of the more practical branches of mathematics. His inclinations, it seems, led him to adopt a sea life, and, when very young, he obtained the commission of midshipman in the British navy, but was soon induced to relinquish that service, by the pressing entreaties of his mother. After this, he entered upon the business of land-surveying, and was remarked for his diligence and expertness, but particularly for a certain gravity and dignity of demeanour, that would have graced riper years, and a more elevated station. In this humble sphere, however, his countrymen seem early to have discovered his capa-

city; for, when only nineteen years of age, he was appointed one of the adjutants-general of the Virginia militia, with the rank of major. But the opinion of his prudence and capacity was still more conspicuously displayed by his appointment as envoy to the French commandant on the Ohio, to remonstrate against certain encroachments of his troops upon the province of Virginia. Upon his return, he published a very clear and interesting account of this arduous mission, and was immediately appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment which had been ordered to proceed against the French, the answer of the commandant not having proved satisfactory. He had not proceeded far, when the command devolved upon him by the death of the colonel, and his services in this campaign obtained the thanks of the legislature of Virginia. Soon after, he resigned his commission, in consequence of certain regulations which he thought derogatory to the officers of the provincial troops, and retired to Mount Vernon, an estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he had lately succeeded by the death of his brother, purposing to devote himself to the occupations of a country life.

His military bias, however, did not permit him to remain long in retirement. He was invited once more to defend the frontiers of the provinces from the invasions of the French, and his conduct, during the whole expedition, was so much approved, that, though only twenty-three years of age, he was soon made commander of all the provincial troops of Virginia. The frontiers being in some measure secured from invasion, he again, in 1758, resigned his commission, amidst the applauses and regrets of his soldiers.

Here might have terminated the military career of George Washington, and he might have passed the remainder of his days in the quietude of rural affairs, but for the unfortunate quarrel which took place between Great Britain and her American possessions. It will here be necessary to explain to our juvenile friends the origin and nature of this distressing dispute. For a considerable period Great Britain possessed a large tract of territory in the North American continent, divided into colonies or separate jurisdictions, the inhabitants of which being chiefly emigrants from this country, were governed by English laws, and guaranteed that civil and religious liberty common to ordinary British subjects. Each of these colonies had a local parliament or assembly of delegates of its own, presided over by a governor appointed by the British ministry. One of the understood regulations in managing these distant countries was, that they should contribute no taxes to Britain; but it having happened in the course of time, that the British treasury stood much in need of a supply of money, our ministry and parliament resolved on exacting certain taxes or duties from the American colonists. These taxes, we are informed, would have been freely contributed by the Americans, provided they had been granted the power of sending representatives to Britain to sit in parliament; but this proposal being strenuously refused, through a fear of its leading to further changes in the British legislature, the result was, that the Americans refused to pay any taxes whatever, and in a short time opposed their exaction by force. All men are now of opinion that the British government at this period acted with extreme impropriety; nevertheless, the nation at the time rushed heedlessly into a war with the colonies, expecting speedily to quell all opposition to the laws. As for the Americans, they sagaciously prepared for the struggle.

In constructing an army for the defence of the provinces, the Americans bestowed the command of the forces on George Washington, of whose military talents and prudence they had already seen many proofs. No man in any age or country ever filled a more arduous station than that in which he was now placed. He was called to defend an extensive country just beginning the perilous experiment of self-government, altogether unpractised in war on a great scale, and with no other resources than her spirit, against a nation possessed of all the means, and strong with all the sinews of war, and able, by its command of the ocean, to carry its hostilities against any part of that extensive coast, which had drawn towards it the best part of the wealth and industry of the country. For a considerable period, his troops had no fire-arms but what they provided themselves; they had no tents, no magazines, no cavalry, no artillery, and scarcely any ammunition. So provided, or rather unprovided, the best troops in the world would not have been able to do much; but when we consider the nature and description of the American armies, we must wonder that he was able to keep the field for a single campaign against the well-trained forces of Britain.

The history of the war in America may be summed up in a few words. Instead of transporting large masses of men capable of crushing in an instant the united force of the colonists, the British ministry dispatched small detachments of troops, who were invariably cut up in detail as they marched through the country, and on some occasions whole regiments had ignominiously to lay down their arms. In this species of inglorious war, which has afforded our American brethren some cause for boasting, Washington was equally conspicuous for his cool determination and courage in the heat of conflict, and his mercy after victory, so as to win the applause of both friend and foe. The situation of the general was, moreover, one of peculiar difficulty. He experienced languor, insubordination, and desertion in his followers; and it was

only after he had the address to induce his countrymen to establish a standing army, on something like regular principles, that success crowned his exertions. It is allowed by all parties that the services of Washington in this grand struggle against oppression were as great as ever were performed by any man to any nation. History is full of far more brilliant exploits; but it must always be recollected that in Washington's situation, not to be defeated was victory. In the arrangements on the day of battle, we should discover but a small portion of those happy endowments which gave him an unrivalled ascendancy over the minds of his countrymen; which enabled him to keep a powerful enemy in awe with fluctuating levies, whose defective constitution for bade the necessary severities of discipline; which enabled him to awaken sentiments of honour and patriotism in hearts divided by animosities and jealousies. In criticising his military conduct, we must always keep in view his means; and if we cannot discover any single achievement of peculiar brilliancy, we shall yet be forced to admire a long series of arduous operations, which display penetration and energy, combined with uniform and unerring sagacity. Although it was simply the redress of grievances relative to taxation which prompted them to take up arms, as they began to feel their strength, they aspired to higher views.

The war was commenced on the 14th of June 1774, and, with greater or lesser vigour, was carried on for about eight years. Two years after its breaking out, on the 4th of July 1776, the colonists declared their independence of the English crown, which was acknowledged by France in 1778, by Holland in 1782, but not by the British parliament till the 30th of November 1783. Yet, in thus securing the blessing of national liberty, the colonists, it seems, were by no means satisfied. They broke out into parties; disaffection spread on all sides; and had not the wisdom and patriotism of Washington suggested expedients to allay the ferment and avert the danger, the Union of States would have been dissolved, and national ruin and disgrace the consequence.

Having given liberty to his country, Washington once more retired from public life to his paternal roof, followed by the fervent admiration of his countrymen. Unlike Cromwell, or Napoleon in later times, he had no desire to take advantage of his situation or popularity, and so secure the office, for life, of emperor, king, or protector. He freely renounced all official distinction, thereby offering an example of moral virtue quite unparalleled in the history of modern times, and retaining no other reward for his extraordinary services than his country's love. The following letter to La Fayette—a distinguished French nobleman, who assisted in establishing the independence of the States, and who still survives—written soon after his arrival at Mount Vernon, gives a lively picture of his feelings, and breathes a fine spirit of philosophy.

"At length, my dear Marquis, I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree. Free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in the hope of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

During his retirement, objects of public utility still occupied his thoughts; and it was not long before he formed, with his characteristic sagacity, a plan of improving the internal navigation of the country. This plan was, to open as high as possible the great eastern rivers, and to connect them, by means of intermediate streams, with the Ohio: and his object in this magnificent undertaking was to draw the States beyond the Alleghany mountains into a closer connexion with those upon the Atlantic; and thus, by multiplying their commercial relations, to give stability and unity to those of a political nature. These beneficent schemes of Washington have been fully accomplished. He was soon, however, called upon by a sense of duty into more burdensome labours. The jealousies prevailing among the States threatened again to wreck the newly-formed republican government. When at last it became evident to all that some alteration of the general system was indispensable to the preservation of its parts, a convention was held under his auspices; and the constitution which it formed having been adopted by the greater part of the States, he was, in April 1789, called to the office of First President, by the unanimous voice of the confederation. There is abundance of evidence that he accepted this office of chief magistrate of the United States with the greatest reluctance. He had no ambition of high place; and, free from all presumption, this truly great man felt diffident of his capacity to administer, in peace, the affairs of a country which, in war, he had saved from ruin. "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and domestic felicity," says he, in

an entry in his diary: "and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions to render service to my country, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

The duties of Washington's civil administration, though far less arduous than those of his military command, yet required much of that fortitude and sagacity which that command so conspicuously displayed. To re-establish credit, and provide for the debts of the Union, when there was every desire to profit by injustice, and where taxation was both difficult and odious—to give stability and energy to a new government, encountered in its first operations by the contending interests of thirteen separate States—and to preserve the blessings of peace to a rising community, when the misguided feelings of the people would have precipitated a war, were efforts which statesmen are seldom called to make, and which but few would have been equal to perform. In his public conduct, we look in vain for any of those vices which oppose the prosperity of nations, and the peace of the world. In choosing the officers of his government, in virtue of the powers committed to him by the constitution, he is universally allowed to have displayed the utmost disinterestedness. No prejudices, no affections, no interests, were seen to interfere with his great duty, to call to the management of a nation's concerns the talents from which a nation has most to hope. His addresses to the people and to Congress—as the parliament of the American States is called—afford indubitable proofs of the purity, as well as the solidity of his principles; and it is impossible to read them, and to trace them, as exemplified in the whole course of his public career, without admitting "that he performed justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." General Washington survived his retirement from the Presidency, which he twice enjoyed, only two years. He died on the 14th of December 1799, of an inflammation in the throat, occasioned by a slight rain to which he had been exposed the preceding day. Soon after the disease commenced, he foresaw he would die; and he met his fate with his accustomed fortitude.

The personal appearance of this lamented statesman was noble and commanding; and it has been frequently remarked, that the impression of awe which it was calculated to produce, was never effaced by frequency of intercourse. He was reserved in his manners, and unaffectedly modest. He was hospitable, and his establishment expensive, but under exact regulation. He spoke with diffidence; but his letters to Congress, and his written addresses, are admirable for clearness and solidity. His personal habits were exceedingly temperate, and the purity of his morals was never questioned. In short, to use the words of Mr Fox, "a character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices, is hardly to be found in the pages of history." By all classes of citizens in the United States, the memory of George Washington is cherished above that of all other patriots, while his name serves as a lasting incitement to the nation to preserve its institutions unimpaired to a distant posterity.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

WITCHCRAFT AND POISONING.—KATHERINE ROSS LADY FOWLIS.

THIS woman, daughter of Ross of Balmagown, was the second wife of the fifteenth Baron of Fowles; and the object of her crimes was to destroy her stepsons Robert and Hector Monro, with about thirty of their principal kinsmen, in order that her own children might succeed to the possessions of their father, which were considerable, and lay in the counties of Ross, Sutherland, and Inverness. Her brother, George Ross, seems to have been in league with her for the accomplishment of this diabolical purpose—a participation the more atrocious in his case, because his wife, Marjory Campbell, called the young Lady Balmagown, was marked out as a victim, whose removal, with that of the persons already named belonging to the Fowles family, might pave the way for his marriage with the wife of Robert Monro, the young laird. Their schemes were brought into active operation in the summer of 1577. In the end of November of that year, four of their accomplices, Agnes Roy, Catherine Ross in Canorth, William MacGillivrie-dam, and Thomas MacKane More MacAllan MacEoch, were arraigned in a justice court held in the cathedral kirk of Ross, convicted, and burnt. One of the judges who presided at this trial was Robert Monro, the husband of the principal instigator of the crimes, and father of the family whose lives were practised against. Lady Fowles, upon the discovery of her wickedness, fled into the county of Caithness. After remaining there for the space of three quarters of a year, her husband was persuaded, "be lauburrows," and by the influence of the Earl of Caithness, to receive her home again. What kind of "lawburrows" it was that existed at that time, of force enough to effect a reconciliation in such circumstances, is not explained, and we are totally at a loss to conjecture. Lady Fowles seems to have lived unmolested during the rest of the life of the old baron; and even the young laird, for whose destruction she had perseveringly laboured, made no exertion to bring her to justice. He, however, en-

joyed the family estates only from November 1588 to October 1589. His brother Hector, on succeeding him, procured a commission for the punishment of certain witches and sorcerers, which was understood to be aimed at his stepmother; but before he had time to act upon the power thus granted, she had influence enough to obtain a suspension of the commission; and it was not till the July of 1590, thirteen years after the perpetration of the crimes, that she was brought to trial at his instance. The evidence mainly rested upon seems to have been the notoriety of the facts, and the confession of the accomplices; each count of the indictment closes with a reference to the record of the process before the provincial court, with the occasional addition of "as is notour," "as is manifest be the hail countrie of Roiss," or words to that effect. The verdict was favourable to the accused; but Mr Pitcairn is of opinion that her escape was owing to her powerful interest. "The inquest," he says, "bears all the appearance of a selected or packed jury, being in a very inferior rank and station of life to the panel, contrary to the usual custom." It is also to be remarked, that several individuals who had been summoned as jurymen did not come forward, and were, in consequence, "unlawit," or fined in the sum of forty pounds (Scots). Their failure to answer the citation may not improbably have been a discreet way of avoiding the inconveniences that might have followed, had they passed upon the assize, and given their voice against a person of influence like the Lady Fowles. The ditty or indictment is the only part of the proceedings which is preserved; indeed the reading of it seems to have constituted the whole case of the prosecutor, and the simple denial of the "samin and the hail poyntis thereof," the whole case for the accused; after which the jury retired to consider their verdict. The acquittal which followed was no doubt such as any modern jury, with no better proof before them, would instantly acquiesce in; but this can scarce be held a presumption of the innocence of the party, because we are now habituated to an entirely different manner of leading evidence; and if the whole tribe of ancient evildoers, whose crimes were neither few nor trivial, were arraigned, according to the forms and practice of their own times, before a court of the nineteenth century, not a single conviction could be obtained. But to come to the matter against Lady Fowles.

The first method adopted to compass the deaths of the persons who stood in the way of her ambition, was to form figures to represent the young Laird of Fowles and the young Lady Balmagown, which were shot at with elf-arrows, in conformity with the belief that, if these charmed weapons struck the typical bodies, the wounds would be felt in their real bodies, and produce invisibly the desired effect. For the performance of the necessary rites, a meeting of three witches took place in the house of Christian Ross at Canorth, Christian herself being one of them, Lady Fowles another, and third, Marjory MacAllester, a hag of peculiar eminence, distinguished also by the name of Loskie Loncart, which was probably conferred upon her by the second or diabolic baptism, to which the rest had not attained. Having constructed two images of clay, they placed them on the north side of the western chamber, and Loskie, producing two elf-arrows, delivered one to Christian Ross, who stood by with it in her hand, while, with the other, Lady Fowles shot twice at the figure of Lady Balmagown, and Loskie three times at that of Robert Monro, without success. In the meantime the images, not having been properly compacted, crumbled to pieces; and their purpose being thus thwarted for the present, the unhallowed convocation broke up, Loskie Loncart having engaged, at the command of Lady Fowles, to make two other figures. MacGillivrie-dam seems now to have been taken into their counsels; and, by his advice, an image in butter of the young Laird of Fowles was placed by the side of the wall in the same western chamber of Canorth, and shot at eight times with an elf-arrow by Loskie, without effect. This was on the 2d July 1577; and, nothing discouraged by repeated failures, a clay figure of the same person was constructed on the 6th, when the indefatigable Loskie discharged the elf-arrow twelve times, sometimes reaching the image, but never wounding it. The other two hags stood by, anxiously watching for a successful shot, Christian Ross having provided three quarters of fine linen cloth to be bound about the typical corpse, which was to have been interred opposite the gate of the Stank of Fowles, in order to complete the enchantment by a full representation of every circumstance which they were desirous of producing as its consequence. The main part of the rite, however, consisted in the infliction of a wound; and this not having been accomplished, they desisted from the vain labour.

What are called elf-arrow heads, as the reader is probably aware, are pieces of flint chipped into the shape of a barb with serrated edges, used by our barbarian ancestors for mutual destruction in the absence of the more effective weapons which civilization contrives for the same purpose. They are sometimes dug up in considerable quantities together, and were long thought by the vulgar to be of fairy origin, and to possess destroying powers without the infliction of a visible wound; thus, if a man or beast were seized with any disease attended with unusual symptoms, it was immediately concluded that they were elf-shot. Even till within a few years of the present day, when cattle were grievously tormented with flies in the summer, and galloped about in a distracted manner to get rid

of them, it was no unusual thing to hear exclamations of "What can be the matter with the beasts? They're surely elf-shot!" the impression being, that they were consumed by some invisible smart that preyed upon the vitals, and drove them about in maddened flight. Lady Fowles was so eager to obtain one of these arrow heads, that she sent four messengers to John MacNiffland in Dingwall, who possessed one, and who was at last induced to pay her a visit at Fowles, and dispose of it for four shillings (Scots). Another messenger was dispatched to Tain, and procured a second from two women there, reputed witches, who had it in keeping.

The more secret arts of witchcraft having failed to effect the desired ends, Lady Fowles next had recourse to poison; and numerous were the consultations held to concoct drugs, and devise means for administering them. The same assistants figured as the chief agents in this equally abominable work. A stoupful of poisoned ale was first mixed in the barn of Drumnyn; but opportunity not serving for its immediate use, it was kept three nights in the kiln; and the stoup being leaky, the liquor was lost, all but a very small quantity, to prove the strength of which, Lady Fowles caused her servant lad, Donald Mackay, to swallow it. The three confederates were assembled upon this occasion, and as the draught did not kill the boy, but only threw him into a state of stupor, Loskie Loncart was dismissed with an injunction to "mak ane pig-full of ranker poysonne." The obedient hag prepared the potion, and sent it to her patroness, by whom it was delivered to her nurse, Mary More, to be conveyed to Angus Leith's house, where the young Laird then was, that it might be employed for his destruction. Night was the time chosen for dispatching her on this errand; she broke the vessel by the way, spilt the liquor, and wishing probably to ascertain the nature of what had been entrusted to her under such circumstances of mystery, tasted it, and paid the forfeit of her curiosity with her life; and what helps to show the deadly qualities of this preparation, the indictment adds, that "the place quhair the said pig brak, the gers that grew upon the samin was so heich by (beyond) the natour of uther gers, that nather cow, ox, nor schep evir preavis (tasted) thairrof." It were endless to detail all the traffickings and messengers kept scouring the country to collect the requisite quantity of poison. Loskie Loncart was lodged and maintained a whole summer in Christian Ross's house, for the greater convenience of assisting to drug drinks, and devise means of administering them—MacGillivrie-dam was sent to consult the gipsies about the most effectual way of poisoning the young laird. He also purchased a quantity of the powder used to destroy rats, from a merchant in Elgin, and another portion in Tain, and was strictly questioned by Lady Fowles whether it would suit best to mix the ingredient with eggs, brose, or kale. No fitting opportunity seems to have occurred for administering any of the potions to Robert Monro; but, after three interviews, John MacFarquhar, young Balmagown's cook, was prevailed upon, by the present of two ells of grey cloth, a shirt, and twelve shillings and fourpence (Scots), to lend them his aid in accomplishing their purpose on his mistress. That young lady being to entertain a party of friends one night at her house of Ardmore, a witch named Katherine Neynday carried poison thither to MacFarquhar, who strewed it on the principal dish, which was kidneys. This woman remained to witness the effects, and afterwards declared that she "skunnerit," or revolted, at the sight, which was "the sarest and maist cruell that evir scho saw, seeing the vomit and vexacioun that was on the young lady Balmagown and her company." The victim of these horrible practices did not die immediately, but contracted a deadly sickness, "quhairin," says the indictment, "scho remanis yet [that is, upwards of twelve years after taking the poison] incurable."

Such were the desperate means adopted by a lady of the 16th century to elevate her own children to the birthright of the elder sons of her husband. We might be apt to think that the affection was at least very strong which prompted her, for the benefit of her offspring, to engage in these odious practices, and to incur so great hazards. But this is a supposition founded solely upon modern notions of the atrocity of her guilt. If a woman were to meditate murder for the space of a year, and to use all that time in unwearied endeavours to carry her purpose into execution, risking constantly, for so long a time, the infamy and the penalty of discovery, while, even if her design succeeded, the principal advantage was to be reaped by her son and brother, we must accord to her the character of being disinterestedly and heroically wicked. But in the time of Lady Fowles, crime was not so repulsive in itself, nor so fatal in its consequences. The daring requisite for its perpetration was, therefore, not so great. Men's minds, in place of revolting at the idea of depriving a fellow-being of life, were familiar with every form of murder: it was the business of the next of kin to revenge it; but it exposed the guilty individual to the execration of no one beyond the limits of blood-relation to the sufferer. Hence the ease with which accomplices were found in the basest crimes. The persons named as privy to the designs of Lady Fowles were numerous, and included the daughter of a baronet of her own name, whose interest in the matter seems to have been merely that of a connection, or, at most, of a clanswoman; and the bribes with which she purchased assistance and secrecy were of the paltriest kind. She provided

lodgings in the houses of her adherents, for some whom she wished to have near her, for the better maturing of her schemes. The cook of young Lady Balmagown was bribed, as we have seen, with little more than a shirt, and a shilling sterling! The fidelity of Christian Ross was bespoken, by reminding her that she ought not to reveal any thing against one who was her lady and mistress. Another of the gang was paid with "a half furlot of meill." MacGillivrie-dam got four ells of linen for his trouble, but, besides, appropriated six and eightpence (Scots) of the money given him to be expended in the purchase of poison; at other times, however, this person was conciliated with 30s., a firiot of meal, five ells of linen, and 16s. The brother of Lady Fowles is also said to have promised to Thomas MacKane More MacAllan Mac-Evoch "ane garmounthe of clais" (suit of clothes) for his services in the same base plot.

From a review of this whole case, with others of the same date, it will appear that the crimes of former times were distinguished from those of the present, not so much by the greater atrocity of any single act, as by the length of time for which they were meditated, and the number of persons admitted to a knowledge of them without any fear of disclosure. They were the offspring of habitual thoughts rather than the effects of sudden starts of passion. Before the eye of sober investigation, the romance with which many of the bloody deeds of the olden time and of savage life are invested must vanish. The villain then had not to brave the risk of certain punishment, nor to cut himself off, as it were, from sympathy with his kind. The villain of civilized times acquires the courage to do both. If we desire, therefore, to admire the *beau ideal* of a bold ruffian, let us not take the trouble to search into antiquity. There we find only the exercise of habitual ferocity, with the necessity of breaking through few restraints. It is our own day that gives birth to peculiar monstrosity of crime, where the impulse of passion, or the dogged purpose of an impenetrably hardened heart, finds itself withstood by almost every conceivable restraint, and sets them all at naught.

SIR M. HALE.

THE character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge was splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stainless. In the words of one who wrote with no friendly feeling towards him, "his voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored." The temper of mind with which he entered upon the duties of the bench is best exemplified in the following resolutions, which appear to have been composed on his being raised to the dignity of Chief Baron at the Restoration:—

"Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:

"1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the King, and country; and therefore,

"2. That it be done, 1. Uprightly; 2. Deliberately; 3. Resolutely.

"3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

"4. That in the execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

"5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable and interruptions.

"6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

"7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

"8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

"9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

"10. That I be not biased with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

"11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in any thing I do, in point of distribution of justice.

"12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

"13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

"14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

"15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

"16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

"17. To charge my servants, 1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their known fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

"18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business."

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been almost irreproachable.

CORK.

MANY persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of bark of the cork-tree, a species of the oak which grows wild in the countries in the south of Europe. The tree is generally divested of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year, the quality of the cork continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flame of a strong fire; and, after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has yet been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples for bottles—the ancients mostly employing cement for closing the mouths of vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century, wax being till then chiefly in use for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upwards of 5000 tons.

AN ADVENTURE.

As Mr Thomson, with his companion, was proceeding across the uninhabited desert in South Africa, he met with the following adventure:—

"We proceeded on our course, over extensive plains, sprinkled with numerous herds of game—quaggas, elands, gnoss, koodoos, hartebeests, gemsboks, and smaller antelopes, the movements of which helped to relieve our lonely journey. The gnoss here was of a larger size, and apparently different from that on the other side of the Cradock, being of a dark blue colour, and having a black bushy tail, instead of a white one. I observed also two sorts of hartebeests. As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night; but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals above mentioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses about ten yards before me, I following with the other two. Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld, with consternation, two monstrous lions, reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws showing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us, if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence, while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, shewed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited, on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly, in not speaking or evincing the least alarm, while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated, for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed, a quagga, as it seemed to me, from the hurried glance I had in passing."

WATCHMEN OF STOCKHOLM.

THE appearance of the watchmen in Stockholm is most grotesque. Their dress consists entirely of the skins of animals, and they walk constantly in pairs, carrying in their hands a curious instrument for seizing culprits who may endeavour to escape from them. It is so contrived as to shut fast about the neck, being applied below the back part of the head, and becomes tighter the more the person caught struggles to get free.

STANZAS

Written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.
By HERBERT KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."—*3d Met.*

Netheless it is good to be here,

If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?

Nor Elias nor Moses appear!

But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom

The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!

Affrighted, he shrinketh away;

For see, they would pin him below

In a dark narrow cave, and, begin with cold clay,

To the mannet of reptiles a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets

The charms which she widdled before;

Nor knows the foul worm that he treats

The skin that, but yesterday, fools could adore,

For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,

The trappings which dizen the proud?

Alas! they are all laid aside,

And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,

Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain;

Who hid in their turns have been hid;

The treasures are squandered again;

And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,

Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,

The revel, the laugh, and the jest?

Ah! here is a plentiful board!

But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,

And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?

Ah, no! They have withered and died,

Or fled with the spirit above;

Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,

Yet, none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow! The dead cannot grieve;

Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear;

Which Compassion itself could relieve.

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,

Peace! peace! is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?

Ah, no! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies none;

Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,

Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,

And look for the sleepers around us to rise!

The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;

And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice;

Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning." "No," replied the old Moravian coolly, "you have not met the Apostle Paul; but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus."

ANIMAL LIFE.

The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life from the most celebrated writers on natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a dog from 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 30, a swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtle dove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 120.

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of William the Third, there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour; the very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep aswarp, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1700, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places on the same day in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

[Country Agents for the sale of Chambers' Journal, and the British Cyclopædia, are respectfully informed, that, after the present week, copies of these works will be sent out on Sale, and their standing orders will be considered as specific, unless countermanded immediately. The great increase in the sale of these works, and the difficulty of supplying the actual demand in some of the larger towns, renders this notice necessary.]

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